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SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE.

Noyes Beach, Westerly, R. I.

The charge that the Seid Society of Brooklyn owes its inception to a woman's worship, that emotion always so rampant in a woman's breast, as a cynical editor remarks, may or may not be true. Seid is a fine musician, and an enthusiast in his art. He is far more agreeable to the ladies than Theodore Thomas, who, unless there is a special reason for being civil, is not to be gruff and abrupt. Mr. Thomas never had any mercy on the women who forced themselves upon his notice. A letter containing a compliment and exclamation points is always ruthlessly ground under his heel. In fact, he has a clean contempt for all sentimentality. Seid seems to be differently constituted. He makes everybody welcome who loves music. The aim of the Seid Society is certainly a good one. It gives tired women and children a chance to go back to their duties refreshed and invigorated. Such an object as this ought to commend itself to every sympathetic person, and if "hero worship" brought it about let us have more of it.

A correspondent wishes to know if there is a place on Coney Island devoted to roughs and bad characters generally, and remarks that she supposes "this report is the invention of some writer with more imagination than principle." She is mistaken. In all probability "the half has never been told" about this spot. At the extreme East end of Coney Island we have the substantial and the magnificent Oriental Hotel, where none but the rich can afford to go. A corner from this we come upon the Manhattan Beach Hotel, another splendid house, devoted mainly to transients, though here the steady traveler can find the loveliest home possible. A quarter of a mile to the West is the Brighton Beach Hotel, a home-like, and rather a more reasonable hostelry, but eminently respectable and exceedingly popular. At the extreme West end of the Island Norton's Point is situated, and this is the spot inquired about—the summer resort of the rough, burglars and bad women. If it were not for this West end hotel, there could be no East end heaven. These outcasts and criminals must live somewhere, and if they were not allowed a place to themselves, it is extremely doubtful if they could be kept away from other parts of Coney Island. Norton's Point is finely wooded, and it is the most exceptional occurrence when one of this fraternity of criminals evades the vigilant eye of the detective long enough to take a trip even so far as West Brighton.

From the music pavilion of Brighton to that of Manhattan consumes but five minutes and five cents. Patrick Gilmore is the leader of the orchestra at Manhattan. With baton in hand, and band-master's cap tilted slightly "to port," this clever musician looks not a day older than when conducting the Great Peace Jubilee upwards of twenty years ago.

There are no "frills" at either the Brighton or the Manhattan Beach hotels, and a person ordering a clam chowder and a bottle of beer that costs forty cents is treated with as much consideration as the man who orders a five dollar dinner with expensive wines. The train facilities are excellent on both roads, no matter how great the rush.

Just one glance at Rockaway, and you will say a word about Glen Head, without doubt the finest summer resort in the world. Rockaway can be reached by four different routes from New York and Brooklyn, the first by two lines of steamers from up and down town piers, and from Swell's wharf in Brooklyn, there are three trips daily. The Grand Central Express is the famous Manhattan street car. The second route is by the Long Island Railroad at Flatbush Ave. and Atlantic in Brooklyn, reaching the famous beach in forty minutes. It takes the boats two hours to make the trip to Rockaway. This resort is Coney Island without the roughness of the style. The gambling fraternity of years ago has been ousted from its sands, and the unsophisticated visitor is safe. Glen Head as I remarked before is a resort, and is a marvel. It is the greenest and most delightful spot in the world. This fact is conceded by those who have visited the most famous places abroad as well as at home. It is reached in two hours by boat to North and East River piers, and costs forty cents there and back. The sail is one never to be forgotten. When years ago John H. Starn began to spend the money that has made this place the paradise it is, many scoffed and said it was too far from New York, but Starn kept right on, and now everybody is in love with the Island. There is a splendid police force here, and an extra contingent of Pinkerton men for holidays and Sundays. The Germans have their "Klein Deutschland," the New England visitors their Rhode Island Clam Bake, the New Yorkers their restaurant a la carte and table d'hôte. The bathing facilities are excellent and the prices reasonable. The last boat leaves the Island at seven P. M. just in time to pass all the magnificent Sound steamers.

I have misapprehended a young man's name and I have heard from it. He isn't exactly what I thought. I judge him by myself. I know he feels "stirred up" to say the least. Now, I have friends who persist in writing my name "Elinor Kirke," and I might protest till the crack of doom and nothing would change this habit. But I thought my self quite above any mistake of this kind, but my pride is laid low, and my mouth is in the dust. The name of the young man who sends sea moss from this point is Joseph Seymour instead of Seamon, as I wrote in a recent letter. I wish I could lay this to the printer, but do not see how I can with any decent regard for the truth.

In answer to the question concerning the best pans for baking, I should say that there is nothing to compare with the Agate Iron Ware for this purpose, and in fact for any other cooking purposes. This ware is as smooth as glass, and can be kept perfectly spotless. It never rusts, and if the cook is so unfortunate as to scorch any of these utensils, the stain can be removed by gentle scouring. One should never take a knife to these articles. Do not let a tin kettle when you can get one of this ware. Unlike tin or ordinary iron ware, the Agate Iron Ware does not absorb the impurities of the water. All these cooking utensils are light, easy to handle and keep clean and beautiful to look at.

In the matter of a building, the New York World will as in every thing else, distance all competitors. This establishment now in process of erection, is to be a seven-story high, and its foundations are as strong as science, art and engineering skill can make them. The enterprise of the managers of the World newspaper is simply phenomenal. I have no doubt that they will root into this Kelsey matter until they find out its minutest details. If Kelsey is alive, Kelsey will be unearthed. If he is dead they will discover how he came to die. There was never a more disgraceful proceeding than the tarring and feathering of this poor harmless young man, and Huntington, L. I. has suffered for it for fifteen years. The memory of this crime was growing dim when all of a sudden the World concludes that the affair had better be investigated, and presto all Long Island is in a blaze.

ELIZABETH KIRK.

Large Cities and Literary Inspiration.

Many writers, some of them men of great ability, will be astonished to hear that Mr. Howells was compelled to leave New York because "a large city is fatal to inspiration." Mr. Eugene Field, in reply to this general statement, points out that Francois Villon did not find the atmosphere of Paris, not even of that Bohemian Paris in the midst of which he lived, at all injurious to his work. Hence, according to Mr. Field, was scarcely ever away from New York, though many are under the impression that, though he made his observations in the capital, he wrote his epistles, his satires and his odes in the retirement of his Sabine farm. Mr. Field, however, is doubtless right in saying that numbers of great English authors, from Shakespeare and Chaucer down to Dickens and Thackeray, did some admirable writing in busy London.

Goldsmith, it is true, when he was about to write his "Natural History," took a cottage in the country; but that was less for the sake of solitude than with a view to the direct study of certain animals, such as sheep and oxen, whose peculiarities were unknown to him. We have it, indeed, on the authority of Johnson himself, that Goldsmith scarcely knew the difference between a horse and a cow. But the "Vicar of Wakefield" was written in the heart of London, in the midst of noise, distress and duns. Dickens once wrote in Household Words a pleasant story of an author who went to the seaside with a quire of paper and a bundle of quill pens, in order to complete, far from the busy hum, some work on which he was engaged. But first one thing, then another, attracted his attention; and it was not until he returned to his chambers in London that he was able to get seriously to work.—London Life.

Musical Connoisseurs.

"Oh, say, Maude, did you go to the symphony concert?"
"Uh-huh, d'you?"
"Yes, wasn't it lovely?"
"Divine. I just love to hear the violins quaver the way they do."
"So do I. Did you ever hear Lil Jenkins play the 'Blue Danube' waltzes on the piano?"
"Yes, she plays it lovely, doesn't she?"
"Have you got any gauds?"
"Yes, here's three kinds: take your choice."
"How did you like the tenor that sang the solo?"
"Oh, ever so much. He was such a cute little man."
"It was awfully funny to see him tip away up on his toes every time he sang in a high note. He could sing with one foot just as well as he could with the other."

"If you don't think of the funniest things. But wasn't the soprano horrid?"
"Well, I should say so. That dress looked as if it had been cut by a carpenter."
"Which part of the programme did you like the most?"
"I think the last number was the best. Did you watch the trombone player?"
"Yes, didn't he have cute, puffy cheeks when he played? I didn't take my eyes off him once."
"I was looking at the young man that played the flute. The way he combs his hair back makes him look so interesting."
"Do you know mamma thinks I have improved in my music wonderfully by going to the symphony concert?"
"I'm going to every one of them."
"So am I."—Merchant Traveler.

A Discontented Opinion.

There is an immense deal of superstition about the intelligence of horses. I stopped today at the curbstone to chat with an expressman. I said to him, "How much does your horse know?" "That horse, sir," he replied, "knows just exactly as much as a man." This is the way everybody talks who owns a horse, or tends horses, and it seems to me to be perfect nonsense. I have seen horses walk around a post until they had wound the bridle all up, and then stand for hours with their heads up against the hitching post, simply because the didn't have sense enough to walk the other way and unwind themselves. I have seen them, when hitched to a ring in the pavement, get their feet over the bridle, and then go into fits because they didn't have sense enough to lift their feet back over the bridle again.

I have seen them dance around in a burning barn with their manes and tails on fire, simply because they didn't have sense enough to run out. Anybody can steal a horse without any objection from the horse. A horse will stand still and stare or freeze to death, with nothing between him and a comfortable stall and plenty of oats except an old door that he could kick down with one foot and that could be opened by removing a pin with his teeth. If this shows a high degree of intelligence, even for a brute, I cannot see it. Compared with the dog, the elephant, or even the parrot, the horse seems to me to be a perfect fool.—Side-walk Stroller in Chicago Journal.

African Railroads.

According to a Brussels telegram, the construction of the line of railway from Metazi to Stanley Pool will require four years, and will cost one million sterling. The whole undertaking is in the hands of a Belgian company, under the patronage of the government. The length of the line will be about 300 miles, and will extend from the western coast to the very heart of Africa. It is expected that the opening of such an important railway will ultimately be the most beneficial and powerful means of civilization in Africa, and put a practical check to the slave trade.—Once a Week.

Either Melts or Shrinks.

Science tells us that gold melts at 2485 degs. We have known it to run away like frost in the summer sun, if you ever saw such a thing, and of doors, when the mercury was down in the cellar, and the racing on the ice better than at any other time during the whole winter. Doesn't require much weather of either kind to melt gold. In fact the colder the day is for you, the faster it melts.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

LOST LIGHT.

I cannot make her smile come back—
That sunshine of her face
That used to make this world seem
At times, so gay a place.
The same dear eyes look out at me;
The features are the same;
But 'oh! the smile is out of them,
And I must be to blame.
Sometimes I see it still; I wait
With her the other day
To meet along misty street, and while
We still were on the way
Her countenance in waiting love
Brought back, for me to see,
That old time love light to her eyes
That will not shine for me.
They tell me money waits for me;
They say I might have fame.
I like those gossamer quips as well
As others like those same.
But I care not for what I have,
Nor last for what I lack
One thing as much as my heart longs
To call that lost light back.
Come back, dear vanished smile, come back!
And into exile drive
All thoughts, and aims, and jealous hopes
That in my soul would thrive.
Who wants the earth without its sun?
And what life for me
That's worth a thought, if, as its price,
It leaves me robbed of thee!"
—Edward S. Martin in Scribner's.

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AMERICAN CHALLIES, 12 1/2c and 15c.
Dark and light COTTON CHALLIES,
4c.
FINE WASH GOODS.
Super Ex. Broad Scotch Ginghams, 50c.
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PROCLAMATION CONCERNING DOGS
IN THE TOWNSHIP OF BLOOMFIELD.

The Township Committee of the town-
ship of Bloomfield, in the County of Es-
sex, and myself, Township Clerk of the
said township, being of the opinion that
the public safety requires the issuing of
this proclamation: I, Edward F. Far-
rand the said Township Clerk, by the ad-
vice of the said Township Committee, do
hereby authorize the destruction by any
person or persons, of all dogs, male and
female, found running at large within the
limits of said Township, on and after the
first day of June next, until the first day
of November next, except such as shall be
properly muzzled, with a wire muzzle
about the nose, securely fastened; pro-
vided that nothing in this proclamation
shall apply to a dog or dogs of a non-resi-
dent passing through the town, accom-
panied by the owner or owners, of such
dog or dogs.

Dated at Bloomfield, N. J., this 27th
day of May, 1889.

EDWARD F. FARRAND,

Township Clerk.

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